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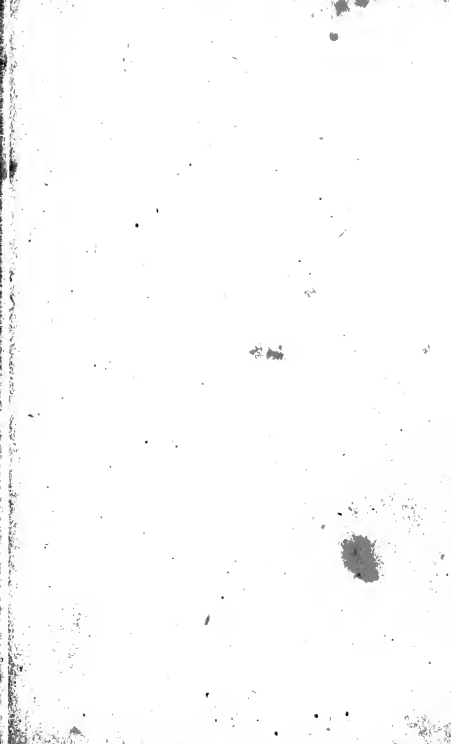
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MY TEACHER'S GEM.



PURPOSES FOR THE FUTURE.

Most boys are fond of laying plans — they have many purposes for the future. I remember often at school we used to talk of what we would be, what we would do, when

we were men. Sometimes several of us boys would get round our teacher at recess, as you see in the picture, and talk over our purposes for the future. One would be a sailor, another a goldsmith, another a pastry cook, and another a soldier. I do think the boy who purposed to be a pastry cook loved sugar, and the intended goldsmith was fond of the glitter of gold. Yet, if I recollect aright, not one of these boys became what he purposed: the sailor is a smith, and the pastry cook a banker's clerk; the soldier is a shop-keeper, and the goldsmith a draper. Their purposes never did them any good—they never *did* what they purposed.

It would be useful to see how many

kinds of purposes there are. I could mark down three.

1. *A purpose of the head.*
2. *A purpose of the tongue.*
3. *A purpose of the heart.*

I will try and remember a little story for each.

Henry was the one of my companions who had most purposes in his head. He was a clever boy, about my own age; but he knew it, and never would exert himself. He was careless about his lessons, and never used to look at some of them till he was in the school room; yet he purposed to gain the first prize in his class. He did not say much about it, but he evidently took it for granted that it would easily be his. Weeks

and months passed away, and frequently Henry suffered for his carelessness. Boys who were not his equals got and kept ahead of him by their superior application. The master used to tell Henry that he would regret his negligence ; and then for a few days Henry's talents were applied, and he regained his place : but it did not last ; his indolence prevailed, and again he relapsed. The session drew to a close. Most of the boys now doubted whether Henry would come off first. The competitions took place, and each boy lodged his papers. Henry did exert himself then, but it was too late. Before the assembled school the names of the successful competitors were read. Henry's name stood *third*. His pur-

pose was not of the heart, but just of the head, and nothing came of it. He *purposed, but he did not do.*

There was another boy older than Henry at the school, whose purposes were all on his tongue. You never could be long beside him without hearing him tell what he could do. It did not matter whom you were speaking of, or what they had done; Richard could do more. Little boys, the first week they were at the academy, looked up to Richard with much reverence, for they believed what he said of himself; but the second week they knew him better; for, though his tongue spoke of great things, he did very little; and in a few weeks longer, they found out that Richard was a boaster, a vain bragger, who

gave his tongue all the work that his head, feet, and hands should have done: all his purposes were on his tongue, but he never performed them.

James Ferrier was very unlike either of these boys. His father was a poor man, and James was despised by many of the boys, when he came among them, because his jacket was coarse, and his dress clumsily made; but he cared not. Quietly and calmly he took his seat in the class where Henry was, and though he had been two years shorter time at Latin than the other boys of the class, it was he whose name stood first on the list, when Henry stood third. He had no tutor at home to help him; he had far to walk to the class; and his time for his lessons was shortened by duties

he had to do at home. Still James succeeded, because he had a purpose in his heart—he did not think about it—he did not speak about his purpose, but *he did it!*

Which of these three boys was most like Daniel? Which of these boys is most like you? *A purpose in the heart* is like a spring of water; you may stem it up at one spot, but it will burst out at another—*it will be done!* Let the purpose of your heart be that you will not sin, and you will be great, and good too.





THE LOST SIXPENCE.

THIS boy has just found a piece of money that some one has dropped by the way. What will he do about it? Will he try to find the owner, or will

he put it into his pocket, and say nothing about it? Read what John, another boy, did when he found a sixpence; see if he did not pursue the better and the safer way.

John V—— had been received into a house of business, where he expected to remain many years, and learn the trade. Being the youngest boy, it fell to him to sweep the place out every morning. One morning, just as he was about finishing his task, and was about pushing off into the gutter the scraps and dirt which he had swept out upon the pavement, a gentleman passing stooped down, and, picking up a sixpence from the rubbish, said, "See here, my little fellow; you sweep out money as well as dirt. Look at this bright sixpence

which I picked up out of your pile. Put it in your pocket, and next time keep a sharper lookout." So saying, the gentleman passed on rapidly, and had turned the corner before John could recover from his surprise sufficiently to give any answer.

With what care he examined every particle of rubbish before sweeping it into the gutter, so as to be sure that no other sixpences or valuables of any kind were there! The work being at length completed, he put up his broom, and began to think what he should do. Sixpences were not thick in John's pockets. It was rarely that he had one which he could call his own. The small amount which he received weekly from his employer went directly and unbroken every

Saturday night into his mother's hands. It was all needed, and much more, to pay for his clothing and his share of the expenses of the family. But here was a sixpence beyond the usual weekly amount. To most persons it may seem a small affair, but it was quite a treasure to John. Besides this, on the next Saturday he had been promised a half-holiday. He was very anxious to go a-fishing with some of his youthful acquaintances; but he had no hook and line, and the other things necessary for the sport. Here were the means of supplying his wants without breaking in upon his wages.

"But," thought John, "what a simpleton I am to be thinking of these things! The sixpence is not

mine. True, the gentleman who picked it up gave it to me, and told me to keep it. But mother has told me often that finding a thing does not make it mine. The thing still belongs to the one who has lost it. The gentleman professed to give it to me. But it was not his to give. It is, therefore, no more mine than if I had picked it up myself among the rubbish. If I keep this money, without trying diligently to find the owner, it will be just as dishonest as if I stole it. This rubbish, in which the sixpence was found, came from the office. Very likely some of the clerks, in putting change into the drawer, may have dropped this piece upon the floor. Perhaps some one of the customers has dropped it; and, by making

a little inquiry, the owner may be found. At any rate, the money is not mine. Even if no owner can be found, it belongs to my master, not to me."

John's resolution was fixed. He saw the whole thing so clearly, that he could not hesitate a moment as to what he ought to do. No sooner had his employer reached the shop, and gone into his counting house, than John followed him with the sixpence, and told the story of how he came by it.

The merchant was much pleased to find he had such an honest boy in his service. He did not give the boy back the sixpence, as many would have done, because it would have made the boy feel that he was being

paid for his honesty. John, however, was made, in various little ways, to feel that his employer looked upon him with trust, which was a much sweeter reward than money; and it led to his rapid promotion in the house, and laid the foundation of his fortune. The sixpence, in fact, had not been lost at all. The gentleman who pretended to pick it up was a friend of the merchant, who took this means of testing the boy's honesty.

The result was more to the boy's credit than the man's. For the man said that he had found the money, which was not true. Besides, the mode taken to test the boy's honesty was rather a temptation to him to be dishonest, and might have been the

means of undermining his principles, if he had not been unusually well trained.

This story is strictly true in every particular.





CRUEL BOYS.

“O, WHAT a shame!” a kind child may be ready to say on looking at this picture. You see these boys, little as they are, have hard and cruel

hearts. They have been robbing a happy little bird family of one of the young ones; and now they will so hurt it that it will die, or they will let it starve to death. And they have robbed another pair of birds of their nest and eggs. How unhappy must all these birds now be! and how wicked it is to give such needless pain to any of God's creatures! No kind child can think of hurting a dear, innocent little bird. But those who delight in such sport will very likely grow up to be capable of injuring their fellow-men in the various ways of which we so often hear and read. Let us be kind to every thing that lives.

And this isn't the whole story about these wicked boys. Don't you see

they are in a *quarrel*, how they shall divide what they have so cruelly stolen from the poor birds? Ah, that is the way in doing wrong — one wrong step leads on to another; and robbing birds' nests does not usually go alone — a quarrel, or some other wickedness, usually follows it. Beware, then, of the *beginnings* of cruelty and wickedness.





PRAYER.

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Send earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all that love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
And pray for those that hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And join with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.



CAREFUL SUSAN.

I AM a little girl, but am growing larger every year; and by and by I hope to be more useful than I am now.

Father works hard out in the fields, and mother works hard at home, for she has a great deal to do among so many of us. What a number of pennies it must take to buy all our clothes, and bonnets, and shoes! and then our breakfasts and dinners!

I cannot work and get money to buy a loaf, but I take care not to waste a single crumb; let the crust be as hard as it will, I eat it all up.

If I can't buy wood and candles, I take care not to waste them. I am too little to poke the fire and to snuff

the candle ; mother says I might set my clothes all in a blaze.

I don't know how much mother paid for my last shoes ; it took all the money at the corner of the cupboard ; so I take care not to get into the wet and dirt, that my shoes may last the longer.

I have had my bonnet a long while now. I never swing it about by the strings, nor crush it up together, nor leave it lying about ; and mother says that is the reason it has lasted so long.

I have not got many playthings, for they would cost money, and wear out ; so I play with the birds, and they never cost any thing, and never wear out.

Mother says time is as good as

money, and that if I cannot help her much, I should not hinder her by being untidy; so I keep every thing about me as tidy as I can. I put my little chair in the corner when I have done with it, that nobody may tumble over it. I try to learn to sew a little. Many a time mother has sent me with father's dinner into the fields. It would never do for mother to go, and carry baby too, while I was doing nothing. Sometimes I go over to the shop on an errand, so that if I *get* nothing, I try to *save* something, and mother says that is the same thing.

O, I forgot to tell you, that when I sit on my little stool, mother often puts baby into my lap. I hold him as carefully as I can; and when he smiles, I kiss him, and that makes

him smile again. Mother says in time I can take care of him very prettily, but I can't toss him about as she does.

Mother says that before another year has gone by, she will get me into the Sabbath school; and if she does, I'll try to be always in time, and mind all that is said to me.

I feel sure that I should get on; but mother says I must never trust my own heart, for it will deceive me. I must ask God, for Jesus Christ's sake, to pardon all my sins, and help me in every thing.

I know that mother is right, and I hope I shall do as she tells me.

MASTER SLEEPYHEAD.*

MASTER SLEEPYHEAD has gone to school, it is true. But look at him. How much better is it to be at school than at home, if he is going to drop one book on the floor, and go to sleep over another at his desk?

He probably did not get up this morning in time for breakfast, and then had to hurry to school without combing and brushing his hair; and so he is here, having his nap out that was broken off by the breakfast bell about *eight* o'clock this morning!

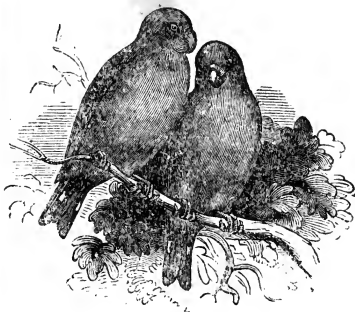
Ah, Master Sleepyhead, that will never do. Uncross your legs, rub open your eyes, and take your books and go to your work. Did you ever hear of a boy doing much in the

* See Frontispiece.

world who would sleep over his book in school? Did Benjamin Franklin, or Daniel Webster, or the Bobbin Boy, do so? Never.

Well, if you are not inclined to rouse yourself, we shall say no more, but leave you here sound asleep for all our readers to stare at. Perhaps some of them may get a lesson that will be of great service to them. When they see how stupid it looks for a boy or girl to sleep in school, they may resolve never to be there caught napping.

If any older persons should happen to look at the picture of Master Sleepyhead, they can judge, perhaps, whether it is any worse for a boy to be napping at school, than it is for an older person to be napping at *church*.



PARROTS.

THE parrots climb through thickest trees,
Where only birds that climb can go ;
They peck and eat just what they please,
But three times more away they throw ;
The parrots seem to have a taste
For great extravagance and waste.

Yes, so it seems ; but learn to mark
How God makes all things work for good ;

The little twigs and bits of bark
Around the trees by parrots strewed,
By birds and little mice are found,
Who come and eat them on the ground.

The parrots scream, as if to tell
Where they are sitting on a tree ;
This scream serves as a dinner bell
For all their pensioners near that be
Who gladly hear their noisy voice
And in their benefits rejoice.

Children, if you this tale admire,
I hope you'll here instruction find,
And when you've more than you require,
Rejoice to be to others kind ;
Be so, because by God 'tis taught,
And not, like parrots, without thought.



BOTH ALIKE.

WITHOUT home, without friends, without money, poor Joe was alone in the world. He had never known a father's care, for strong drink had

made that father worse than a brute before it sent him to a drunkard's grave; he had never known a mother's love, for her last feeble smile was given to him in his first hour. His mother was dead. And so Joe had been getting his living how he could, and very hard he found it to live at all.

Joe had never been taught to read; no one had ever taught him to look up to the Great Father in heaven; no one had ever told him the sweet story of Him who in his earthly life knew sorrow and privation, and could say, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." If Joe had ever heard of him, his thoughts would often have been di-

rected to him when he was pinched with hunger and frozen with cold, and the tempter bade him do some wicked thing.

For, strange as it may seem, Joe had the fear of doing wrong within him — a shrinking from those rough associates whose lives were spent in dens of vice and prison cells. He could starve and beg, but he could not steal; and when times were at the worst with him, there was something always kept him from that.

Sometimes he looked at the quiet churches with a strange wonder, curious to know what could induce so many to flock together, and peeping in sometimes, when the beadle was not looking, to listen to the solemn music, or to the voice of the preacher,

whose language had no meaning for him.

In the summer time Joe fared the best; but when the winter came, with frost and snow, and the cold bleak wind, he suffered much—how much, those who have always been warmly clothed, well fed, and comfortably housed, cannot think.

Well, it was winter time—cold, bleak, dreary—a time for roaring fires and snug rooms, and Joe was very wretched. He had not tasted food all the day, and there seemed but small prospect of his tasting any that night. He had stood with a miserable crowd outside a workhouse, hoping to find a shelter and some bread; but the wards were full, and there was no room: so he turned

away, and faced the cold, bleak wind, again wondering what would become of him, and of what use he was in the world.



“I don’t see what use I am to any body; nor I don’t see what use any body is to me. I suppose if I was

dead, it would be about the best thing for me. You don't feel the cold in the grave, and you are not hungry or thirsty; it must be very quiet. Suppose I was to die somewhere to-night?" He was talking to himself in a low voice, and leaning on his arm against a post. "Suppose I was to die somewhere to-night, — what then?"

Just as he said this he heard a voice close to him, saying, "Suppose we were both to die somewhere to-night, — what then?"

He looked up, and saw by the gas-light a tall, handsome-looking gentleman in a cloak.

Surprise was the first effect upon the boy; the next, the hope of assistance.

“Spare a copper, sir; I have not had a morsel of bread since yesterday.”

“Poor boy! take this.” The gentleman placed a shilling in his hand. “But tell me, how is it you and I are so much alike?”

“You and I alike, sir?” the boy answered, staring at him in surprise.

“Yes, alike. I heard you saying to yourself, ‘I am no use to any body; nobody is any use to me.’ I feel that also; and suppose we died to-night, — what then? Would the world miss either of us?”

“It would not miss me, sir,” said the boy, “except that it might be glad to be rid of me; but ——”

“It might miss me, you think; no

such thing, boy. I have no friend, no purpose in life ; I am of no use to any body, and nobody is of any use to me."

The boy looked up into the gentleman's face, and thought he saw something in the flushed cheek and glitter of the eye which he had observed in a coarser and stronger form when his own father had been spending his earnings at the public house ; he concluded, and not without reason, that the gentleman had been drinking. He was frightened, and wished to get away.

"Thank you, sir ; thank you, and bless you for your kindness : you have saved a poor boy from starving ; and so, if I may make so bold, you are of use to somebody."

“Ah!” said the gentleman, in a strange, moody way, “saved you from starvation, that you may live a little longer to plague the world — thief, lie, swear — eh?”

“I hope not, sir.”

“Why should you hope not? Nobody in the world cares for you; you care for nobody in the world.”

“I should like to care for somebody, and to do something,” the boy replied, “but I don’t know how.”

“Now this is very strange,” talking to himself; “this boy would like to care for somebody; so should I: he would like to do something; so should I: he don’t know how; I don’t know how either! Look here, boy — you and I are alike ——”

“O, no, sir!”

“O, yes! I say we are. You and I should know each other better. You are your own master? no one to consult?”

“No one.”

“Come with me, then.”

“Where, sir?”

“Home!”

The boy hesitated.

“You have nothing to fear; you shall be well cared for. I am not quite myself to-night, but I mean what I say to you: come with me.”

So Joe followed the strange gentleman out of the narrow lane into a broad street. There the gentleman called a coach, put the boy in, stepped in himself, and away they drove into a part of London which was strange



to Joe. The gentleman did not talk at all during the ride, and when they

reached its end, at the cabman's knock, a large door was opened by a man in livery. He told Joe to get out, and got out himself.

"Here, Blazer," he said to the man in livery; "see this boy properly looked to and comfortably lodged."

"By a policeman, sir?" said Blazer.

"By yourself, sir, or by somebody who can see to it better."

"Really, sir ——"

An indignant glance from the gentleman; and Blazer, under protest, took Joe down into the kitchen; and Joe now, for the first time in his life, had a full meal, a good wash, and a warm bed. He was very grateful — grateful to the gentleman, grateful to something or some one; it was a mystery to him, but he recollected

words that he had once heard about a Great Being who openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.

Now, it would be interesting to tell you how Joe gradually prospered, and how the gentleman continued his kindness towards him, to mention a great variety of circumstances connected with Joe's strange adventure; but there is not space. The principal thing is this: Joe was useful to the gentleman, and the gentleman was useful to Joe. The gentleman possessed large property, was young and handsome and clever, and he had led a wild, careless life, plunging into all sorts of excesses, drinking and gambling, and mixing with bad characters, until he was thoroughly wearied,

and longed for something better. It was when he was in this frame of mind that he met Joe, that he overheard the poor child saying, "I am of no use to any body; nobody is of any use to me: what would it matter if I died?" These words were but the expression of his own thoughts; and they were the means, in the providence of God, of awakening better desires and of leading to the brightest results. The gentleman found Joe honest and truthful, and deeply grateful. There seemed about the boy an innate goodness; and when the gentleman talked to him seriously, he listened with so much attention, that the simple truths which his protector told him, were all the more impressed on the gentleman himself,



from the manner in which the child received them.

From the first day of Joe's settlement in the house of his strange patron, that gentleman began a new life. The old habits were given up, the old companions forsaken ; he had found something in which he could usefully employ his time and his wealth — something which would make the world better and his own life valuable. He engaged in all the good works begun and carried on for the benefit of the poor, the ignorant, and the vicious, and was the means of doing a great amount of good.

As for Joe, he grew up to be a clever, virtuous, industrious man : the gentleman sent him to school, then apprenticed him to a mechanical business, and has lately assisted him to

set up in business for himself. Both, in their different positions, are working in the good cause of religious and moral progress, and, as his old friend said to him the other night, —

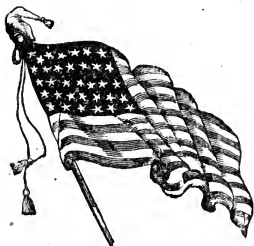
“We are still alike, Joe; but how unlike what we were that wintry night when we first met! Somebody does care for us now, Joe, and we care for somebody, and are of use to somebody; and if we died to-night, we should be missed, Joe, and it would matter to the world; but then how bright is our hope to what it was then — a bright hope of a world beyond this, of which we then knew nothing!”



PET LAMB.

My own pet lamb, I long to be
From envy, pride, and anger free,
Quiet, and mild, and meek, like thee —
My own pet lamb.

I long to know my Shepherd's voice,
To make his pleasant ways my choice,
And in the fold, like thee, rejoice —
My own pet lamb.



THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Is there one of our readers who does not love this beautiful ensign of our country? How gracefully its long folds of red and white float in the gentle gale, bearing on their bosom that cluster of shining stars! A truant few of this bright constellation have enveloped themselves in a cloud; but we hope ere long to see the cloud remove, that all alike may

sparkle in the clear sunlight. Does any one ask, Why do you think so much of a *flag*? Because it is the symbol of our country. Every nation loves its banner. Surely none is more beautiful than *ours*: it represents the spirit of our land — *liberty* and *advancement*. What more free than the stars, that wander unchained through the heavens? What more expressive of improvement and future glory than the broad streaks of red and white along the eastern sky at break of day?

Under this same banner, Washington led our brave revolutionary fathers through hardships and dangers, through defeat and victory, to a glorious independence. Through many years of peace it has waved with

honor over this broad land, and protected its citizens in foreign countries and on every sea.

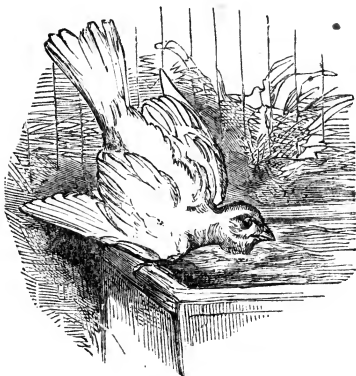
It is to save this flag, so dear to the heart of every true lover of liberty, from dishonor, and to preserve the government which it represents, that your fathers and brothers, uncles, cousins, and a host of valiant men, have taken up arms.

We hope and expect soon to see the honor of our flag vindicated, and peace restored throughout the length and breadth of our fair country.

Boys, when you come to be men, be sure and remember the sacrifices of life and property that have been made, that you may continue under the powerful protection of the Stars and Stripes. And should any wicked

hand attempt to trample in the dust this symbol of our power, look at your fathers' example, and courageously defend the flag. And whether in peace or war, may you all be found under that higher and more enduring standard of the Cross. If you follow closely after Christ, the great Captain of his people, fighting earnestly against every thing that would deprive you of the safe protection of this banner, you will come off conquerors, and the rewards of that victory will be "eternal life."





THE DOVE.

IN the days of Noah the world was very wicked. The people sinned as if there were no God to be feared. They lived to be so old, that they forgot they should die. But they did

die, and at a time when they thought no danger was near to them.

We may suppose that it is a lovely morning. The sun shines in the sky, and the flowers adorn the earth.

Old and young rise from their beds and think that the day will be spent as other days have been.

But what is that black spot in the sky? Is it only a small cloud that will soon pass away? O, no. See, it grows large and dark, and the rain begins to pour.

Rain, rain, hour after hour, — all night, all day, it rains. A week passes away, and then another, until six weeks come and go, and still it rains. It is such a rain as was never seen before. All the rivers, seas, and

fountains also, cast up their waters. There is water from above, and water from below. Soon all the valleys are full, and then the hills are covered. A flood is on the earth.

Where are the wicked people now? They are all dead.

But Noah and his family are safe. They are shut in, by God himself, in an ark, or large house, that can float on the waters.

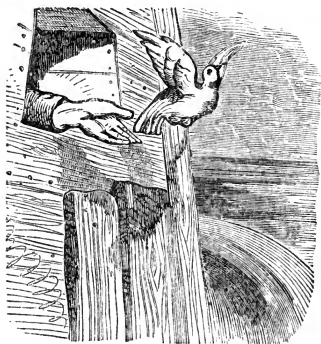
What a state for them to be in! Alone on the flood, and all beneath them dead! As they look out of a little window in the ark, and see the wide waters, do they think that they shall never see the green earth again? Noah does not fear. He knows that God, who told him to make the ark, can keep him safely

while in it, and bring him out again. He has faith ; he trusts in God.

One hundred and fifty days the water has been over the earth, and then the ark rests on the top of a high mountain ; but no tree nor shrub can any where be seen. There is nothing but water, water, water all around.

Noah now takes a raven, and lets it fly abroad, to see if it can find any dry ground. But it does not come back to the ark.

Then he holds in his hand a dove, and sends it forth to see if it can find any resting place. But there is not a green spot, or a leaf, or a flower to be seen, and the timid little thing returns, weak and tired, to the ark. It looks in at the window, and Noah puts forth his hand and draws it in.



We think we hear the kind words he speaks to the gentle dove, as he smooths its weary wings.

Is the heart of Noah now sad because there is no sign of the waters passing away? No; faith and hope are not at an end: he waits God's time.

In a week he opens the window again, and once more the little dove spreads her wings, and flies over the waters. The good man follows it with his eye, and then it is gone out of sight. But just as the sunset sheds a golden light over the flood, a speck is seen in the sky. It is the dove flying to her roost in the ark; and see, an olive leaf is in her mouth. It is not a dead, dry leaf, but a bright and glossy one, plucked from a living olive tree.

O, with what joy do Noah and his family look upon that leaf! It tells them that the water is going away, that there is some dry spot on the earth, and that the olive trees have begun to put forth their green leaves.

A third time Noah let out the dove,

and it never came back ; then he knew that the water was nearly all gone.

Soon after this, Noah is told to go out of the ark ; and he and his family once again tread on dry ground.

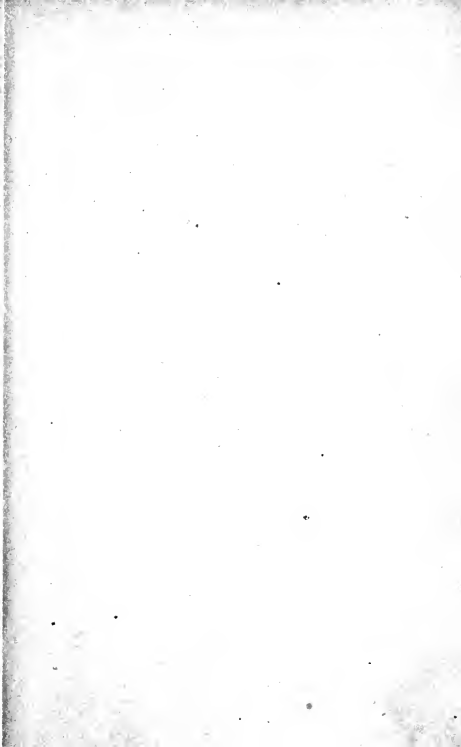
When we see a gentle dove, with its soft eyes and lovely wings, we should remember that a dove was the bearer of glad tidings to Noah in the ark. When sin had brought a flood over the old world, which swept away a whole race of men, except one family, a little dove seemed to say, "God is mindful of his people ; he watches over those who love him ; his word of promise is sure."

If you had been in the world in the days of Noah, would you have stood outside the ark, and joined those who mocked the good man as he went in ?

Or would you have been saved as he was? O, yes, you say, you would have done as he did; you would have gone in when you were asked. But how is it now? You are told that there is a great and solemn day coming, when God will destroy the world, not by water, but by fire. He has made known a way by which you can be saved. Jesus Christ is our Ark. You are told to go to him, to believe in him. You have heard that he will save all those who seek a refuge in him by faith. Happy will you be if you are led by the Holy Spirit to turn from all sin, and to find safety in Jesus. As there was only one ark, so there is only one Saviour. All who are not found in him must be lost.









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